

1505/99

THE
S I E G E
O F
CARLISLE.

A
P O E M.

With a DEDICATION to all Men of
Sense, &c.

L O N D O N:

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T H I S
P O E M

Is Most Humbly DEDICATED

To all Men of Sense.

G E N T L E M E N,

THE Reasons that induced me to dedicate this Poem to you, are, First, Because I am perswaded, that tho' the Mob, by which I mean Fools of all Ranks and Denominations, may exclaim against it, you will, at least, forgive me for attempting to expose the Folly of an unjust Clamour raised against one's Country, and propagated by a Set of People who are no better than the Dregs of their own.

Secondly, Because I hate Flattery and love Men of Sense, I was resolv'd to depart from the common Practice of Dedications to great Men.

Thirdly, Because, being a very careless Fellow, I have taken no great Pains to correct the Language, or to refine and polish the Verse, but any Study this Piece has cost me, has been intirely employed upon the Sense and Meaning.

Fourthly, Because the Satire, Ill-Nature, or Scolding, or what else you shall please to call it, contained in this Piece, does, by no Means, reach any of your Fraternity; and so, however you may think me unworthy of being rank'd among your Number, you will, at least, have a little Tendernefs for me as a Friend or Well-wisher, and can never be so cruel as to treat me like an Enemy. But it may, perhaps, be ask'd, who I mean by the Men of Sense to whom this Poem is address'd.

To resolve this Question, I shall not take upon me to define all the Characteristics that distinguish Men of Sense; and, indeed, it would be absurd in me to attempt such a Task, who have profess'd myself doubtful whether I deserve to be rank'd among the Number: However, I will take upon me to restrict the Latitude of these general Words, *Men of Sense*, by observing that I address myself only to those Men who
are

DEDICATION.

are honest as well as wise, honest in their private Dealings, and honest in discharging the Duties they owe to their Country, either in a public or private Station; and to those Men only, whose Sense leads them to discern, and be perswaded, that it is their Duty to support and maintain the Liberty of their Country against all Attempts to destroy it, however form'd.

Gentlemen, if this Piece meet with any Degree of Approbation from you, I shall enjoy the Pleasure of being a little vain, which, I'm sure, you will not at all grudge me, since it is the only Pleasure I know that Fools have, tho', perhaps, in a greater Measure, in common with yourselves: But, on the other Hand, if you are obstinately bent to condemn and ridicule this Performance, which you are very apt to do, when you think a Piece is execrably bad; which this may be for any Thing I know, since the Truth is an Author is no more a Judge of his own Work, than a Lady at her Looking-glass is of her own Beauty; there may be Wrinkles and Deformity visible to all the World, where her Ladyship fancies she can see nothing but Youth and Charms. I say, in case you shall damn this Piece, I am determin'd to assume the Arrogance of a modern Author, and applaud myself in Defiance of your Censure: And to punish you, Gentlemen, for what I shall be pleas'd to term the *Injustice* you do, I'll address my very next Performance of this Kind, if ever you catch me scribbling so again, to a more powerful and numerous Society, who will not fail to countenance and encourage any Man who belongs to their own Fraternity, I mean the Foolish and Ignorant. And so, Gentlemen, take Care how you provoke

Your humble Servant,

Charles Easy.





T H E
S I E G E
O F
C A R L I S L E.

O F *Carlisle* Siege, that dreadful Scene,
The Names and Numbers of the slain ;
The heroic Fates of their Lord Mayor,
Which made th' astonish'd World stare ;
How the Militia fir'd from far,
And 'gainst the Rebels wag'd a distant War :
Sing heavenly Muse, and, Oh, inspire,
My Breast with that Poetick Fire,
Which *Homer's* mighty Genius fill'd,
Who sung how Frogs by Mice were kill'd.

Long had unhappy *Caledonia* born
Alone, the weighty Load of public Scorn ;
Long had the Blunders of our Fools in Station,
Earn'd us the Name of a rebellious Nation ;

They

They blunder on, and still we bear the Blame,
They do the Sin, but disavow the Shame.

The public Clamour, like a Blindman cross'd,
When for his Boys Offence, he beats the Post,
Bawl'd against *Scotland*, with an empty Noise,
But never blam'd our bungling leading Boys.

" Your Capital surrender'd to the Foe,

" Your Sons rebellious—and your Daughters too.

" No Opposition to the mighty Evil,

" You're all confederate with the Pope and Devil.

" Whilst every petty Village in these Lands

" Associate, and defys the Rebel Bands,

Carlisle above the rest was heard to boast,

" Oh, let them come, they'll find it to their Cost,

" That we're prepar'd, a warm Repulse to give,

" Indifferent in our Choice, to die or live.

But lo! the Rebel Armies now advance,

Threat'ning the Chains and Tyranny of *France*.

Now they approach the City of *Carlisle*,

That swaggering City that made such a Coil.

The Young Pretender writes the Mayor a Line,

" Sir, I am come to claim by Right divine,

" What was my Ancestors, and shall be mine.

" But

“ But trust me, Sir, I'm much concern'd to view

“ This Opposition, which I meet from you:

“ That you prepare and muster all your Thunder,

“ To hinder my Approach, I can't but wonder.

“ But, Sir, if you oppose, I'll force my Way,

“ And what may thence ensue, I cannot say:

“ Your Answer in two Hours, and so good Day.

At this the Mayor's high Blood and Mettle rose,

Out from the Council to the Walls he goes.

Some Authors say he trembled — with Disdain.

That he was much incens'd, to me is plain;

For what is wonderful, yet certain Truth,

He sent his Answer by the Cannon's Mouth.

Thick and more thick the thund'ring Voleys fly,

And with their dreadful Ecchoes rend the Sky.

Dismay and Terror seize the distant Boys,

Not hurt, but much confounded with the Noise.

The young Pretender to the Center shook,

And Fear betray'd itself in every Look.

Precipitant in Flight they scour away

Like Cattle driving in a Summer's Day.

The Mayor transported, view'd their quick Retreat,

Which he most wisely constru'd a Defeat.

The World, if just, would bloody Battles blame,
 And this more innocent, reward with Fame.
 Big with th' important News, he writes a Letter
 To a great Clerk, I never saw a better ;
 It was so full of Sense and Spirit,
 You'll judge by it our Hero's Merit.
 Sir, I have done the Business all alone,
 The Rebels have been here, but they are gone ;
 Gone with a Vengeance, God knows how far,
 The Rascals cannot stand the Din of War.
 I had a Letter from the audacious Youth,
 Charging me to give up the Town forsooth ;
 But sent my Answer from the Cannon's Mouth.
 The Cowardly Dogs run streight in Haste away,
 And left our City Master of the Day.
 Thus may I like the glorious *Cesar* say,
 They came, I saw, they run away.
 Thus have I singly greater Service done,
 Than *Scotland's* Capital, *Edina* Town,
 Or even all that Kingdom join'd in one.
 Th' important News is quickly spread around,
 Our Hero's Praises every where resound :
 The Mayor of *Carlisle's* Health, the only Toast
 Of your great Vulgar, and your small the Boast.

And

And Ignorance the Cause of Admiration,
 Made him the Idol of this giddy Nation.
 But mark the sudden Change of human Joy,
 The Rogues return and threaten to destroy
 Without Distinction of Man, Maid, or Boy.
 The Devil came down in Likeness of a Mist,
 As formerly in *Eden* — to assist,
 So that the stout Militia cou'd not know
 How to direct their Fire against their Foe :
 But this is certain Multitudes were slain,
 And many a bare Arse lay upon the Plain ;
 It's true they hid them deep beneath the Ground,
 So that it's ods if ever they are found.
 This was a wise Expedient I suppose,
 To hide the Scandal of so great a Loss.
 Yet sure it is, that one chief Man was slain,
 Some say 'twas the Marquis of *Tullibardin*;
 Others will have it, the Lord *Nairn*.
 Authors agree not ; others say,
 It was the Secretary *Murray*.
 Which of all those it was that fell,
 Or some one else, 'tis hard to tell.
 Or if among them all, they club'd a Grave,
 The Credit of their warlike Foes to save ;

No matter which, we're positively told,
 And that suffices, one of them lay cold.
 But now a Pannick seizes every Man,
 Each shifts for proper Safety as he can;
 Some leap the Walls, and break their Necks in flying,
 By cruel Rebel Hands, the Fear of Dying.
 The Mayor was hurry'd off among the Croud,
 Can one brave Man oppose a Multitude?
 Thus was *Carlisle* surrender'd to the Foe;
 And *Edinburgh* is in *England* now.
 But *Carlisle* than *Edina* is much worse,
 Time to prepare She had, and greater Force;
 A much superior Army near at Hand,
 Which had no Sea Risques, but a March by Land;
 So Thanks to Heaven *Carlisle's* not in *Scotland*.

N. B. There is only one material Fact, as far as I can remember, omitted in the above Relation of this most memorable Siege, which I shall put the Reader in Mind of in Prose, as my Hero had no Share in it; and besides, I am afraid you have enough, if not too much, of my Rhime already. The Fact I mean is this, which I borrow from the best Authority, that Three Hundred of the Militia, when the Town was surrender'd, retired to the Citadel, with a Resolution to defend it; but we are told, that the next Morning they chang'd their Mind, and abandon'd the Enterprize, and so the Castle was surrender'd too: In which Particular, it must be allow'd, that the City of *Carlisle* has done much more, than that of *Edinburgh*; and, in this Sense, our Hero's Boast was no *Rhodomontade*.

F I N I S.

